

RURAL REPOSITORY.



ONE DOLLAR A YEAR,

Semi-monthly Journal, Embellished with Engravings.

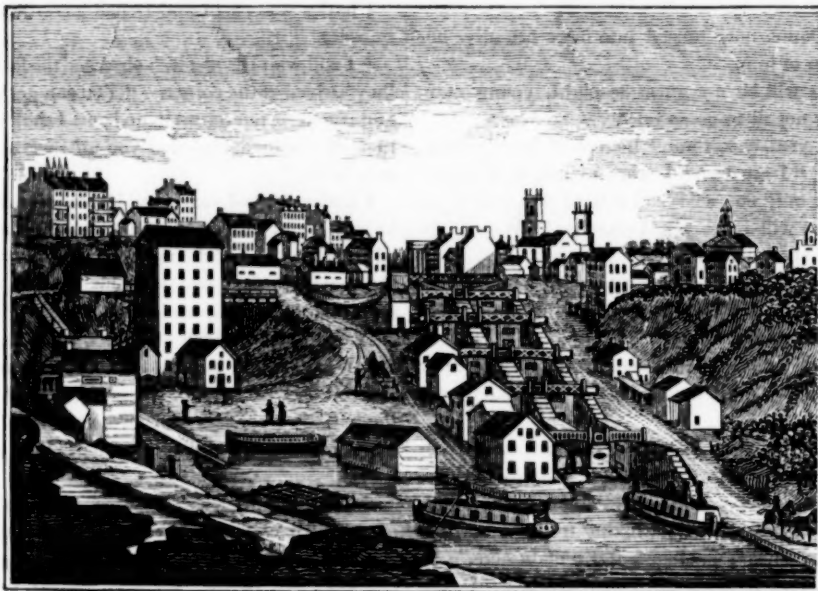
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XX.

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1843.

NUMBER 10.

Northeastern View of the Locks of Lockport, N. Y.



LOCKPORT, formed from Royalton and Cambria in 1824; centrally distant from Albany by canal 333, from Rochester west 63, from Buffalo east 30 miles, by road 24, and from Niagara Falls 20 miles. Population of the town, 9,162. Lockport village, incorporated in 1829, was founded in the spring of 1821, by Mr. Sherard Comstock, deceased, who surveyed his farm of 100 acres into town lots. The first house was erected by Joseph Langdon, additions were soon made to the village plat, and in 1822 it became the county town.

The above is a view of the *five double locks* on the Erie canal, (from which the village derives its name) and part of the buildings in the vicinity. A new set of locks by the side of those represented in the engraving are now constructing, which will give increased facility to the passage of boats. The village contains about 500 houses, 9 churches, and, according to the census of 1840, 5,711 inhabitants. Its buildings, both public and private, are mostly built of the excellent stone which is here quarried. There is a bank and two newspaper establishments. The manufacture of flour is an important branch of business in this place. The great abundance of water derived from Lake Erie, which is brought through the deep cut to the brow of the ridge, and

all around the basin, is used for various mills and factories. The waste water of these mills, and of the locks of the sixty feet mountain ridge, after it has fulfilled its hydraulic operations in its descent to the basin, is there retained by a dam across the ravine, and forms the head or fountain to fill the long, or sixty-five mile level, and as such is chiefly relied on, though the Oak Orchard, the Genesee, and other feeders are useful in their place.

"The upper part of the village is about 80 feet above the level of the basin and long level of the canal. In moving up in a boat to the head of the basin to enter the chain of double locks, which are arranged in the most massive style side by side, in huge chambers, with stone steps in the centre, guarded by iron railings for safety and convenience, the gates of the lock are closed after the boat is in the chamber, and the roaring and sudden influx of the water from the lock above, in three or four minutes raises the boat to the level of the lock above; and this is repeated five times, the adjoining side lock being, perhaps, employed in letting a boat pass down the lock to the basin and canal. The boat having in this manner risen up 60 feet in five lifts, the passenger finds before him a vista of several miles, bounded on either hand by walls of the

solid limestone rock, 25 to 30 feet high, and very appropriately called the '*Deep rock cutting at Lockport.*'"—*Historical Collections.*

T A L E S.

THE GIPSY MOTHER; Or, the Miseries of Enforced Marriage. CHAPTER X.

THEIR remonstrance was prevented by both being dragged away, and conducted to the lock-up cell, into which they were on the point of being roughly pushed, when Charles who was much more *au fait* in such cases than his companion, contrived to stop this proceeding by insinuating a crown piece into the hand of the man who had hold of him.

A messenger was soon secured to carry a few lines to Mr. Danna, stating their situation; and, in a short time, two respectable tradesmen in the neighborhood presented themselves to answer for the appearance of Mr. Montgomery and Mr. Levi-son, to meet any charge that might be preferred against them, and they were allowed to depart.

The anxiety and confusion attendant on the novel circumstances in which he had been placed, had hitherto prevented Denzil's reflecting much on the cause of all that had happened; but when he at length found himself freed from a scene so abhorrent to his feelings at all times, but especially so at the present, when his mind was occupied with subjects of such mournful interest, he could not help angrily reprehending Charles' levity, when, as they were on the point of parting, the latter observed that he would now annoy that impudent, jealous fool, Mackenzie, worse than ever.

When Denzil reached the house where the cold remains of his mother lay, he found there a letter from Dennis Delaney, addressed to his mother, and demanding money, threatening to reveal the secrets of her family if she refused to disburse.

Punctual to the hour appointed, Denzil drove up in a hackney-coach to the public office in Marlborough-Street, where he found Mr. Danna, and a gentleman whom he introduced as his solicitor, already waiting. Denzil was extremely grateful for this attention on the part of Mr. Danna. Charles looked pitiable, and his unusual depression of spirits induced Denzil to inquire whether they were all well at home.

"Faith, I don't know anything about them," replied Charles, "for I never went home at all."

Mr. Danna then drew near and mentioned that a prisoner had just been brought in, charged with an attempt to murder in a gambling house.

Charles had seated himself on a bench behind, and Denzil, as he turned to speak to him, was struck with surprise at the look of consternation and affright which was visible in his countenance. "What is the matter, Charles?" he exclaimed.—"Surely the appearance of those people does not alarm you! The eau——"

"No, no," interrupted Charles, "I was not thinking of them, but of one—Denzil, did you not see the person who was taken in there?" pointing to the inner office.

"No!" replied Denzil in amazement: "I saw the crowd, but my attention was called away.—But why do you ask? Do you know——"

"Yes, I do—until daylight this morning I was in his company, and now I behold him charged as a murderer."

"Merciful heaven! to what dangers do you expose yourself, Charles!" exclaimed Denzil. "Then you were in a gaming-house all night?"

"Yes, but I will never enter one again," he replied. "I went to a house in Bury-Street. I did not mean to play, but merely looked on. Browning, however, tormented me into it at last, and I won fifty pounds in the first hour; but after that—but that was not what I was going to tell you—the person who is now in that room as a prisoner was seated by me; but I should not, perhaps, have noticed him so particularly, but that I heard him called by a name which both you and I have reason to remember; and, indeed, I was on the point of asking him two or three times, some questions that would satisfy me whether he was the same Delaney that——"

"Delaney! gracious heavens, can it be possible!" exclaimed Denzil.

Denzil rushed through the crowd, and gained a full glance at the prisoner who was placed at the bar, struggling to conceal, under assumed calmness and lofty demeanor, the consciousness of guilt and the fear of its punishment.

While boasting of his unblemished character, his eyes happened to fall upon Denzil, whom he pointed out as one who could substantiate all the fine things which he had told respecting himself.

"Your reference appears rather unfortunate," remarked the magistrate, "for I understand that this gentleman whom you have called upon is himself a prisoner."

"A prisoner!" repeated Delaney, with a look of demoniac malice, which proved that, in the gratification the discovery gave him, he had forgotten the evil effect it might have on his own case.

Denzil and Charles were next arraigned. They were soon discharged; and, as they went out, they met Mr. Levison. Charles tried to escape him; but Mr. Levison said, "Do not alarm yourself, sir, I am not come to interrupt your pleasures, Mr. Charles Levison, nor intrude myself upon you.—You would not have seen me here, sir, but that I heard a murder had been committed in the house where you spent your night, and the poor unfortunate girl who has the misfortune to call you husband——"

"Well, well, uncle," interrupted Charles.

"Don't call me uncle, sir; I'll have nothing to do with you. I disclaim you. I have done with you for ever."

Mr. Danna came forward and tried to address

his old friend; but the latter indignantly repulsed him. "I want nothing to say to you, Mr. Danna," he angrily observed; "you may act as you please, and so will I!" and without waiting a reply, he got into his carriage and went off, without taking any notice of Denzil.

Denzil and Charles went home with Mr. Danna. After some explanation to Earl Raeburn, Charles arose and walked the floor in evident perturbation.

"Where do you sleep to-night, Denzil?" he observed, stopping suddenly before the latter.

"At Brompton, of course," replied Denzil.

"Well, then, you will give me shelter with you for to-night, will you not?"

"Certainly," replied Denzil, alarmed at the strange wildness and incoherence of his look and manner.

"I hope Denzil does not mean to walk there again," observed Mr. Danna, significantly.

"No," returned Charles. "Indeed, I cannot walk. I feel too unwell!" and he threw himself into a chair and put his hand to his forehead.

"I fear you are very unwell, Charles," said Denzil, anxiously.

Mr. Danna now roused into more attentive observation of him.

"You will be my guest to-night, young man, You are not fit to go so far."

"Oh, yes—yes, I am," he replied, hastily shaking up. "I must go—I want to talk to Denzil—he is the only one who can talk to me, or feel for me—who will—yes, yes, I must go! We will go at once, shall we not?"

"You must wait at any rate, until a coach can be got," said Mr. Danna, and he rang the bell for a servant to procure one.

Charles silently acquiesced, and did not utter another word until the arrival of the coach was announced.

"God bless you, Rosa," he exclaimed, starting up, and taking both the hands of Miss Somerville.

"Good heavens, Mr. Levison, you are in a high fever!" she exclaimed, shrinking from his burning touch. "Indeed you had better remain here."

"No, no," he replied in a hurried tone; "I shall be better for the air! Good night to you all!" and without waiting for any further remonstrances, he rushed down stairs, and was seated in the coach before Denzil reached the door.

"Denzil," he observed, as soon as they were in motion, "to no living creature but yourself would I acknowledge what I am going to tell you! Well, indeed, might Mr. Danna apply to me that epithet which I bestowed on Delaney to-night—but even he did not suspect how grossly I have——"

"You have been foolish and thoughtless, Charles," interrupted Denzil, "but you now see the effect of your errors, and, I trust, this will be the last."

"It will be the last!" muttered Charles, with peculiar emphasis; "but listen now to what I am going to tell you. You know that I was in that cursed gambling-house last night, but you do not know all that it led to. I had but a few pounds in my pocket—I ventured them and won considerable. There was a person came in, I think, with Delaney. The man I had won of would not play any more—he was, in fact, cleared out—but this man, this new comer, challenged me, and I sat down again. He won all that I had in my possession, and more, for when I rose up from the table, I found I was indebted to him two hundred pounds. 'You can give me a check on your banker,' he

observed. As my evil genius would have it, I had a check in my pocket for twenty pounds, which my uncle had given me in the morning. 'The alteration of 20 to 200 was easy, and——'

"Surely—surely, you were not so mad, so——" Denzil paused in breathless agitation.

"Yes, I did do it," replied Charles, in a subdued tone. "He knew me to be Charles Levison, and therefore had no suspicions but that all was right; and, indeed, then, I scarcely reflected on the consequences which might—but I see it all now! My uncle's stern rejection of me to-day struck terror into my heart! Should there be a suspicion when the check is presented—or an investigation, I am lost."

"Charles there is but one way left to save yourself from disgrace!" exclaimed Denzil, after a moment's reflection. "Go, now, instantly, to your uncle, and avow the truth—throw yourself on his mercy! You are certain of succeeding—his pride itself will induce him if forewarned, to avoid doing any thing that may involve you. Let me order the man to drive to St. James' Place."

Charles was silent and Denzil gave the necessary order.

"I will wait the result," observed the latter when they arrived at the corner. "You can get out here; and if you do not return in an hour, I shall conclude that all is settled, and that you are now restored to your home."

Charles seemed scarcely able to attend to what he said; but, with an air of utter abstraction, obeyed the directions of the agitated Denzil, who, from the coach window, watched him until he saw him admitted, and the door closed.

A quarter of an hour elapsed without his return, and Denzil began to hope that the measure he had advised had succeeded, when suddenly he beheld the hall door opened, and two or three of the servants ran into the street, in evident alarm and confusion.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed Denzil, forcing open the coach door, and jumping on the pavement. At the moment one of them came running past.

"Oh! Mr. Denzil! my master—Mr. Charles!"

Denzil waited to hear no more, but rushed into the house, the door of which was left wide open, and the hall unattended. The loud screams of female voices directed him to the drawing-room.

On the ground Charles was extended, evidently in the agonies of death; and by his side knelt Rachel and Fanny, both endeavoring to staunch the blood that was flowing from his neck, while the other females loudly screamed for assistance, with the exception of the unfortunate wife, who had lost all consciousness of the horrid scene in happy insensibility. Motionless, and apparently speechless with terror, Mr. Levison sat in his usual place, as if he had been incapable of rising, while his eyes were fixed on the wretched victim of passion and dissipation, who had thus violently closed his thoughtless career.

Denzil stood for an instant thunderstruck, and then, throwing himself on his knees by the side of Fanny, he endeavored to second her efforts to stop the deluge of blood which was flowing, without uttering a word.

"It is useless—pray, pray quit this scene!" he at length uttered in a low voice.

Fanny looked eagerly in his face, as if only at that moment recognizing him, and then, making a vain attempt to rise, sank back fainting on the floor.

A surgeon at this moment arrived, but his assistance was useless to the immediate object of his attention, for Charles had ceased to breathe before he entered the room.

"Can—can you save him? my boy—my poor boy!" exclaimed Mr. Levison, awaking out of the trance which seemed to have rendered him, until this moment, incapable of uttering a word.

The sound of his voice recalled Fanny to herself. She cast another shuddering look at the corpse, and then, hastily rising, threw herself into his arms and wept bitterly.

"Go to Emma, my dear," he observed, comprehending instantly the melancholy truth that his nephew was past all human assistance. "Go to—Emma—poor thing, she requires all your help."

"It will be better to remove her before she recovers her recollection," said Denzil, hastily.

Mr. Levison started at the sound of his voice. "Begone, sir, instantly!" he exclaimed, sternly. "How dare you intrude?"

"Father, dear father!" said Fanny, in a tone of entreaty, throwing her arms around his neck.

"Well, well, my child," he replied, "I will not now say anything—this, indeed, is not a time for resentment—but I trust that Mr.—I know not now by what title I am to address him," looking at Denzil.

"By no other title, sir, than your benevolence bestowed upon me," exclaimed Denzil, with great agitation.

"Young man! young man!" returned Mr. Levison, "this will no longer impose upon me. I have but one favor to ask of you, in return for those which you are pleased to acknowledge having received at my hands, and that is that you will leave us to our sorrows. They are, God knows, heavy enough," and he hid his face on Fanny's neck, and sobbed bitterly.

"God of heaven! how have I deserved this?" exclaimed Denzil, rising from the side of the corpse. "Were I the most abandoned wretch on the face of the earth—with such an awful sight as this before my eyes—I should not dare dissemble or deny my guilt. But, having that before me, I do most solemnly deny that I have, by one voluntary act, forfeited that friendship, that esteem, which I once could boast."

"Brother, surely you will not let the poor boy go away in this despair," said Miss Rachel, lifting her eyes, which had been hidden by her handkerchief; "we have reason enough already, heaven knows, to repent being harsh and severe—"

"Aye, there—there—there!" interrupted Mr. Levison, in an agony of grief and resentment, "I knew that I should be reproached as the cause of this. The world too—the world will believe it;—they will condemn my severity as the cause; and yet I did but what I thought my duty. Heaven knows my heart; I meant not to act with harshness, though I threatened—"

"No, no, my dear, dear father—you have never been harsh—it is not in your nature to be so," said Fanny, soothingly. "My aunt did not, could not mean—"

"I meant only that your father is wrong in driving Denzil away in such despair," observed the weeping Rachel. "I am sure he looked as wild and as desperate, when he went out of the room, as ever did that poor boy that lies there."

Fanny uttered a convulsive shriek. The dreadful thought that her aunt's words had presented to

her imagination, completely annihilated the little fortitude she had summoned to endeavor to comfort her father; and no longer able to control her feelings, she uttered the most piercing cries, invoking Denzil to return. In an instant, the latter, who had not yet quitted the house, was at her side, inquiring, with agonized earnestness, what had occasioned this fresh alarm.

"Nothing—nothing—but I am ill—I am weak," exclaimed Fanny, "and I cannot bear to see you leave us thus. My dear, dear father, for your poor Fanny's sake," and she took his hand, and endeavored to join it with Denzil's, which held her's in its trembling grasp.

"Well, well, my child, for your sake, and for his own, I consent to forgive all that has passed," said Mr. Levison.

"Forgive!" repeated Denzil, with unfeigned astonishment. "What have I done, sir, that such a term can be applicable?"

"Pardon me, Mr. Montgomery," exclaimed Dr. Rymer, the family physician, who now entered the room; "pardon me, if I say that in the state of excitement all are in at the present moment, it will be far better to waive all explanations and discussions."

The old gentleman and the ladies were then led from the room, and Denzil departed from the house.

Several days after this, Denzil was assailed by a mendicant, who proved to be Mrs. Delaney.—She was desirous to return to Ireland; and, although Denzil bestowed on her a large sum, she would have pleaded for more, had he not broke away from her to pay a visit to Mr. Levison. He found the latter in a poor state of health, and evidently yielding to the repeated shocks which he had recently experienced. A reconciliation took place between them, and Denzil obtained permission to see Fanny. Miss Rachel sent for her, and but a few minutes elapsed before the well known step of Fanny was heard. He flew to the door and she sank trembling into his arms.

"My aunt has, indeed, given me a surprise," she observed, gently extricating herself from his ardent embrace, but suffering him to retain her hand, as he led her to a seat; "yet my heart, improbable as it appeared, anticipated that the stranger, who, she said, waited to see me, could be no other than—"

"Than he who has too long been a stranger, dearest Fanny; and who, even now, in this moment of invaluable indulgence, anticipates with misery the hour that will again separate us. Your father tells me that you are going to leave town in a few days."

"Dr. Rymer has pronounced it advisable," returned Fanny, "that my father should be removed, as soon as possible, to Cumberland, and, of course, I go with him—but it is impossible—have you seen my father, and does he know—"

"I have his sanction for seeking this interview, my beloved," replied Lord Alberton—for so Denzil was now called—"but I cannot tell you what has passed; thus far, however, I am not trespassing on his injunctions."

Fanny remained silent—but her lover read in her downcast eye, in the deep blush that glowed on her before pale cheek, and the faint, uncertain pressure of the small hand that was clasped in his, the transporting certainty that absence and difficulty had not lessened her attachment to him.

His silent and enraptured gaze embarrassed her;

yet Fanny, usually so eloquent on every subject with those she loved, could not now utter a word. But they were soon summoned to attend the bereaved Emma, and thus their conference was ended.

Very soon Denzil was obliged to bid adieu to the family of Mr. Levison, as the latter would delay his return to Cumberland no longer.

After their departure Denzil took up his residence with Mr. Danna; and, in a few days, Miss Somerville, the niece of the latter, received a letter from Fanny, giving an account of her father's death!

So suddenly had Mr. Levison departed, that he had not time to make a will, and having thrown his old one into the fire, Fanny was left penniless! Being illegitimate, she could claim no share of his estate; and the mother of Emma was not slow in asserting her claims as the natural heir.

The contumacy with which Aunt Rachel and Fanny Levison were now treated by Emma and her mother, determined them to quit Cumberland immediately, and Denzil, in vain, sought to discover where they had gone.

In the meantime, his newly discovered father, Earl Raburn, introduced him to his circle of friends, and took him to various places of amusement; but Denzil's anxiety for the fate of Fanny was so great, that he found little satisfaction in contemplating his own brilliant prospects.

One evening he sauntered alone to Covent Garden, to see a play which had been a favorite with Fanny, before "sorrow had laid its with'ring touch" on either of them. He had not been long in the box, before he saw Miss Julia Delaney, with two other ladies in the seat before him. He arose and went to another part of the theatre. When the play was over he went out, and had scarcely reached the door when he recognized the well known voice of Julia, who was endeavoring to shake off the grasp of a miserably clad man, who prevented her from getting into a hackney coach.

"You are my wife, Julia," said he. "I am starving and you are living in luxury—but you shan't escape me—the law is on my side, and you shall go with me."

Several persons, in spite of the heavy rain, had now collected round Mrs. Wilmington and her husband, who still kept his firm hold of her arm; but no one offered to interfere.

"Good heavens! will no one assist a defenceless woman?" she wildly exclaimed. "I shall be murdered if—oh! Denzil—Lord Alberton!" she screamed, at this moment discovering him, as he still stood on the threshold of the door, "save me—save me from this wretch!"

Lord Alberton said that he could not deny the claim of the man to his lawful wife, but that if money would satisfy him, he would spare two or three pounds.

The man demurred at this, and as Denzil was about replacing his purse, he made a spring at him, seized the purse, and plunged down one of the adjoining turnings. Mrs. Wilmington now begged Denzil to see her home, as she had no money to pay the fare. He permitted her to get into the coach with him, and just as he entered he caught the eye of Irwin, who smiled and shook his head reproachfully, supposing that Denzil and Julia were on good terms together. As he gave his orders to the coachman, he saw Mr. Irwin lead two ladies, closely wrapt in their cloaks, towards a carriage.

After his return home, Denzil discovered, by his

servant, that Mr. Irwin's footman had made diligent inquiries respecting the woman with whom he was seen to ride away, and he had no doubt the censorious and inquisitive wife of that gentleman had set those inquiries afoot.

Earl Raeburn and his son soon afterwards went to Cumberland, where Denzil had spent so many happy moments. From the old butler of Levison Hall, he learned that Miss Rachel and Fanny were in London. Denzil quickly conjectured that Fanny and Aunt Rachel could have sought no abode in London, but that of Mr. Irwin, and, in that case, the tale of his connexion with Julia Delaney must have reached her ears.

Earl Raeburn was much disappointed at learning that Fanny was in London, and that thus the union between her and his son must be procrastinated.—It was decided that Alberton should at once write to Fanny, while the earl wrote to Miss Rachel, pressing the arrangements for the marriage. These letters were despatched, and Denzil waited impatiently for the post to arrive from London. At length it came, with one letter from Fanny and another from Miss Rachel. The latter contained a refusal; and the letter from Fanny to Denzil mentioned that serious charges had been brought against him, though she acknowledged herself on his side, and desired him to explain his conduct. Denzil and his father determined upon starting immediately for London, and facing this new mischief at once.

Never, perhaps, was surprise and consternation more unequivocally betrayed, than in the party who still lingered over the breakfast-table, when Earl Raeburn's carriage drove up to the door of Mr. Irwin.

The earl and Lord Alberton were announced, and entered together, and the latter advanced to Fanny.

"You have called upon me to vindicate myself in the eyes of your friends, my dearest Fanny," he observed, "and I am come to obey your call."

"Bold in the consciousness of innocence, no doubt, my lord," said Mrs. Irwin, with her usual promptness and sarcastic sneer.

"Precisely so, madam," and Alberton bowed to her with a smile which increased the bitterness with which she beheld him.

It would be useless to follow Lord Alberton in his eloquent defence of himself to Miss Rachel and Mrs. Irwin, since our readers are already in possession of the truth of the affair, which had been so misrepresented. A letter from Mrs. Wilmington, in which she expressed not only her gratitude for his opportune assistance, but her determination, by a life of honest industry, to expiate her former faults, confirmed, "needlessly," as Miss Rachel observed, his explanation; while Mrs. Irwin, even against her own will, was compelled to observe that it was a perfectly satisfactory explanation.

From motives of delicacy Fanny had withdrawn to the library, attended by Earl Raeburn and Edmund Irwin. At length, her suspense was ended by the entrance of Alberton, who whispered, "Now, then, my ever dear, ever beloved Fanny, I am permitted freely to claim you as my own."

The earl and Edmund arose to return to the room, but Denzil detained Fanny, who now, for the first time, enjoyed the precious privilege of breathing in her ear his vows of never-dying love, and of pressing her to confirm his happiness by the last, the most sacred of ties.

Fanny, however, though above all affectation,

was by no means prepared to accede to what she considered a most unseemly and hurried proposal; and the affair was at length compromised by her agreeing that Earl Raeburn and Aunt Rachel should decide when the marriage ceremony should take place.

A month was fixed upon as the period. A month of unalloyed happiness, as regarded the future, flew rapidly away.

At the appointed time the nuptial ceremony took place, which confirmed, though it did not increase, the affection which had for so many years united the hearts of Denzil and Fanny.

They set out for Cheltenham, where they spent a fortnight, and then returned to join the earl, Mr. Danna, and Miss Rachel Levison, at Cumberland, where they learned a sad tale respecting Mrs. Charles Levison. Forgetful of the ties of duty to her child, to herself, and to the memory of the husband she had lost under such peculiarly distressing circumstances, she had become so infatuated by the seductive arts of Mr. St. George, as to clope with him, it was believed, to Italy. Mrs. Lazemby, the mother of Emma, heartstruck at seeing all her hopes and schemes defeated, had taken to her bed, from which she believed she would never again rise. Fanny (now Lady Alberton) rode over to see this lady, whom she could not respect, though she sincerely compassionated her.

When Fanny arrived, Mrs. Lazemby was, apparently, dying, and Fanny was obliged to listen not only to her self-reproach, but also to the torrents of execration which she poured on her unnatural daughter, as she called her, and imprecations on the head of her seducer.

Having sent away her attendant, at length, Mrs. L. drew Fanny close to her, and, putting into her hand a small key, pointed to a cabinet which stood opposite.

"In that cabinet, Fanny," she observed, "you will find a paper which is of the utmost consequence to you. I did not intend that you should have it till after my death, but I did not then think that you would forgive me so far as to call and see me. I have behaved cruelly to you, Fanny—and all, too, for the sake of one who has deserted me."

Fanny was employed in searching the cabinet to which the invalid had pointed, but it was rather in obedience to the wish of Mrs. Lazemby, than any anticipation of the value and importance of the object of her search.

"That is it, Fanny," exclaimed the latter, her keen eye, even at that distance, instantly recognizing the important paper which she saw.

It was a parchment deed of which she spoke, and a single glance told Fanny at once what was its purport. She beheld her father's signature, in his own well-known hand, and tears filled her eyes as she hastily folded it without further examination.

"You are aware," said the humiliated Mrs. Lazemby, in a low tone, "that it is the will which was supposed to be destroyed, or, rather, it is the copy of that will.—With the caution which distinguished most of his conduct, your father had left a copy in his escritoire at the Hall, at the time he left it to go to France. The wily lawyer was well aware of this, but he suppressed his knowledge to you and your aunt, determined to sound me, and see if he could make any advantage of it. I fell into his snare—I purchased his silence. You have the will, Fanny, and may you be as happy in the possession of the wealth as you can wish."

A few days after this important disclosure, Mrs. L. died, having, even to her last moment, preserved the same implacable feeling towards her guilty daughter.

Five years had passed away, and Fanny had become the mother of two beautiful boys. On a cold Christmas evening, a stranger rang the bell with great violence at the outer door of the hall, who proved to be the driver of the post-chaise from the nearest town, and Lord Alberton speedily learned that he had been employed to convey a lady and an infant to the Hall. The heavy snow had somewhat impeded their progress, and finally the chaise had upset, and his passenger was so seriously hurt that he had been compelled to leave her in the broken carriage, about four miles off, and make his way with the horses, to the Hall, the lights of which fortunately guided him.

Lord Alberton hastily sallied forth accompanied by at least a dozen sturdy rustics.—When they arrived at the spot, the lady was found to be senseless. She was revived with some brandy that one of the rustics had brought, when Denzil heard his own name mentioned, and gazed with astonishment on the faded countenance of Emma. She and her child were borne to the Hall, where poor Fanny, met the bosom friend of her youth, returned after her wanderings to die at home. St. George had died and left Emma penniless in a foreign land. She had succeeded in reaching Cumberland; but a few days put an end to her career. The child was adopted by Fanny who soon learned to love it as well as if she had really given it birth.

We have now only to say that Julia Delaney thoroughly reformed her course of conduct, and by the aid of Denzil, was enabled to establish herself in profitable business, and acquire a reputable standing in society. Edmund Irwin married Rosa Somerville, and they lived in the neighborhood of the Hall, enjoying uninterrupted intercourse with Denzil and Fanny. While Mr. Delaney returning from abroad whither he had been banished for his crimes, wandered about awhile in England—a starving mendicant, and finally died in a hospital, where Denzil had him conveyed.

With regard to Denzil, he would often say—

"To the chastening effects of those adverse events which beset my early life, alone are owing what you are pleased to call my distinguished traits of character. By nature, I was proud, rash and thoughtless: but the mystery which involved my birth, excited my feelings and taught me to reflect: the noble confidence and liberality of my benefactor, too, made me emulous to deserve it: and, for my pride, the last remnants of that were buried in the grave of my GIPSY MOTHER."

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

TIME.

"Rise, glitter, break; yet bubble, tell me why?
—To show the course of all beneath the sky.

Time, whither dost thou flee?
—I travel to Eternity.

Eternity, what art thou—say?
—Time past, time present, time to come, to-day."

MONTGOMERY.

YES, thou measured space, we have given thee a name; thou unseen something, we will fancy thee a form. Unrestrained, thou walkest among the works of God and man—sleepless in thine excursions. The marks of thy going are imprinted

upon the loftiest mountains; in thy restless toil thou hast written thy name upon the adamant and the granite. With what ease hast thou with giant step bestrode the Alps and the Andes, still leaving behind the indelible marks of thy noiseless course! The vallies below acknowledge that to thy friendly visits they are indebted for the richness of their verdure, and in the beauteous foliage which decks the trees of the forest, we see the workmanship of thy hand. Again, thou dost present the seared leaf, and the naked branch, seemingly sporting in the half choked rays of the sun's receding course, while the cold and mournful blasts of December announce the speedy termination of another limited existence.

Nor art thou satisfied with transforming nature's handy work; thou showest thy marvelous strength among the noblest specimens of human skill and toil. The artist and the architect exert their power in vain to resist thy ravages. Thy untiring march has demonstrated the majesty of thy purpose. The dilapidated tower, the crumbling pyramid, the scattered fragments of decaying monuments appear on every side, as if some giant power, in thoughtless glee, had entered the house of childish amusement, and sportively strewed the earth with its toys, and treated as worthless its most precious relics. The monuments of art, the trophies of ambition, the laurels of fame, the distinctions of royalty, are doomed alike to feel the stern destroyer's power; they exist for a season and then sink to rise no more.

When we review the history of the past, and unfold the records which chronicle the scenes of by-gone ages, what important subjects are presented to our consideration! There we behold our own destiny and the doom of our achievements. Man builds the temple of renown—he dedicates it to succeeding generations; but lo! triumphant Time hurls it in all its grandeur to the dust. So it is with man himself, and so with the mighty empires of earth; they rise, flourish, and pass away, as though they had never been.

O Time! mighty is the strength of thy arm; the wonders of the world have fallen before thee! Witness the walls of Babylon and the most illustrious cities of antiquity. They are swept from the earth and buried beneath the irresistible waves of Time. Even our own fair land has been the theatre of desolation. Here are found the scattered fragments of a race once proud and powerful—but hapless Red-Man! thy glory is no more! The golden harvest now waves over the graves of thy fallen race. Where the simple wigwam once stood, now stands the tall temple dedicated to the Most High; and the river, whose surface was once rippled by the light canoe, is now whitened with the sails of commerce, and burdened with the wealth of a mighty nation. Unhappy race! they are fast passing from the earth, and but a remnant is left to mourn their departed glory.

Such are some of the ravages of Time, and in view of these how important that we should be prepared to meet with composure every vicissitude of life, and at last to view without dismay the stern messenger of Death. And yet, how few have sufficient fortitude to buffet the waves of misfortune, and to rise superior to the ills that beset our earthly path!

Man may wander amid the wild solitudes of nature, where art has never marred the primeval beauty; he may gaze on the majestic mountains,

the lofty forests and the flower enameled meadow blooming in wild fertility; he may listen to the soft sweet music of the feathered songsters in concert with the harmonious streams, and stretch his imagination over the boundless field of existence to contemplate the grandeur and sublimity of countless worlds, rolling in splendor through the tinselled blue of ether: he may wander amid the shades of midnight solitude and meditate upon the beauties of earth and sky—still death may come upon him like a thief in the night, and find him wholly unprepared to enter "that undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler returns." Thus he passes through life, and learns not the lesson which each revolving hour should teach.

Time, thou art our constant companion through this earthly pilgrimage—the soother of our woes, the obliterator of our wrongs. Thou dost kiss the tear from off the infant's cheek and bind up the broken heart. How often dost thou convert the seeming ills of life into blessings, and alleviate the thousand pangs that beset us on every side! But what hast thou done for us, O Time? Where are the friends of our early years? Hast thou not snatched them from us and covered the mound which marks their last resting-place with a mantle of green? Hast thou not brushed thy rude hand over the simple inscription that tells the short tale of the quiet tenant beneath? Our joys thou hast oft transformed, and we have wept, when we have remembered what we have expected from thee, when we drank deep of the cup of human wo.

Nor is it with the friends only who once smiled upon us that thou hast been dealing. Alas! our own forms and features bear visible marks of what thou hast done. The palsied frame, the faltering step, the furrowed cheek, the dim and languid eye, but too plainly show that thou hast been busily engaged with us. Thou dost sprinkle our heads with hoary locks, as if to place upon us the indelible marks of thy presence. From the graves of nations thou dost speak to us, and admonish us in language too plain to be misunderstood of the frailty of all earthly things, and pointing to the traces of thy footsteps, thou dost teach us the history of our own approaching fate, and bid us survey the home to which we are fast hastening.

And yet, how poor mortals cling to thy very skirts! They would embrace thee a little longer, and yet a little longer, till thou escapest from their grasp—and lo! Time goes on and heeds not the parting groan! But art thou not already grey with years? Are not thy days also numbered by Him who metes out thy span?

But I see a form rise beyond the reach of time—fair, amiable and lovely. She is clad in the habiliments of Heaven, with the health and vigor of youth, and millions are waiting by her side, and rejoicing in her smiles. Yes, VIRTUE lives when Time no more endures. 'Tis Virtue trains the immortal mind for "an inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away."

Canaan, N. Y. Dec. 1843.

IRENE.

For the Rural Repository.

MARRIAGE.

"Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower!"

NATURE appears to have implanted in the human mind that "it is not good that the man should be alone;" and this it would seem, did not originate merely in the conventionalities of society; but was

indelibly engraved upon it by the finger of nature. Man is considered a social being; and an all-wise Creator has undoubtedly formed him for some good purpose, and to carry out that design, to add to his happiness, and to mature him as a social, a moral and an accountable being, he deemed it wise that he should have woman as a helpmate. Out of these considerations the institution of marriage has grown.—The forms which pertain to it vary, materially, in different countries, and among different ecclesiastical bodies. Many nations regard it as merely a temporary thing, whilst in christian countries it is ordinarily considered a union only to be severed by the decease of one of the parties.

This subject is one of vast importance; for upon its judicious performance depends the mutual happiness of the parties concerned, and perspective that of their offspring. The young, as is too often the case, with minds ardent and buoyant of life and hope, precipitately form unions, which, with more mature thought would never have been contracted. The fact, that in this country, the marriage relation is one for life, should deter from all hasty action relative to it. It should have mature and thoughtful consideration.—Yes, and if this had been always regarded, how many tears of sorrow, how many broken hearts, how many domestic disruptions would have been avoided! The evils of premature and hasty marriages are too familiar to need much repetition. Notwithstanding this, we are fully satisfied that their influence, not only upon the social relation, but upon the general welfare of civil society is too little thought of. Many, yea, too many of the inmates of our penal institutions, undoubtedly have been brought to their present situation, directly or indirectly, from the want of proper parental training, and from having been brought up amid domestic broils.

The parties, about entering upon this all-important relation, should understand each others foibles, and thoroughly know each others characters: thus, being duly acquainted, they do not blindly form a covenant which is to last during life; but are prepared to meet imperfections, with a spirit of conciliation and mutual forbearance. True, they should entertain love for each other, but this cannot last long without a feeling of mutual respect; for so soon as one is wanting in this, the warmth of affection is impaired. Love, it is very true, is thought by some, to spring up spontaneously, and this we would not deny in toto; but to our mind, such love is generally of too hasty a growth; and like the mushroom, will soon wilt and perish under the meridian sun of a connubial union. Love, permanent love, is the result of cultivation, and springs from a regard for the virtues and good qualities of the object of adoration. It is no more like the ephemeral stuff usually christened love, than noon-day is to midnight. The one will last as long as the eternal hills; the other is but the creature of to-day—a mere gossamer. To the happiness of this relation a proper and chastened spirit of love should be cultivated, and this cannot exist without purity and virtue.

We have been led to these reflections by taking a view of the importance of the marriage institution to the general well-being of civil society. No man can too fully appreciate it, who has the welfare of his country at heart. Upon its sanctity, depends in a measure the permanency of our institutions. Blot it out—and vice and immorality would stalk abroad at noon-day. Blot it out—and you

pull down one of the main pillars of our religion. Blot it out—and as surely as moral depravity and wickedness will work a nation's ruin, so surely shall we fall from our high exaltation, into a state of degradation and savagism. How vast and apparent the difference in the condition of those countries, where this institution is lightly regarded and polygamy tolerated, and where its rites are considered holy and inviolable, and the christian doctrine of monogamy is entertained! In the one, we find ignorance and superstition, virtue degraded, unbridled licentiousness, and sanguinary and tyrannical laws; in the other the lights of science and civilization have cast their benignant rays, and virtue and morality are cherished, and a humane jurisprudence exists. In the one, man is depressed and down-trodden, and in the other, his spirit soars upward, and freedom and human rights are understood and duly fostered. History and experience prove all this; and they are the only true guides to direct us in our course through this life.

Let those, then, who are about entering upon this state act honestly, openly and understandingly, before they immutably link each other's fortunes together; and thus one great cause of human woe will be eradicated, and in its stead, one of the purest sources of earthly bliss, wedded life, will assume its proper dignity and importance. Where is the man that would desecrate an institution which the all-wise Being, and the very constitution of our nature has established? Let the monster be cast without the pale of human society. Y.

Middlefield, Otsego Co. N. Y. 1843.

BIOGRAPHY.



SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN.

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN, a celebrated architect and mathematician, son of the dean of Windsor, was born at East Knoyle, in Wiltshire, 20th October, 1632. At the age of fourteen he entered as gentleman commoner at Wadham college, Oxford, where he made astonishing progress in mathematics. He was, about the time of taking his master's degree, elected fellow of All-Souls, and in 1657 he was chosen professor of astronomy in Gresham college, where his lectures on the different phases of Saturn were attended by numerous audiences. In 1661 he succeeded Seth Ward as Savilian professor at Oxford, and in consequence resigned the Gresham professorship, and took the degree of doctor of laws. His acquaintance with architecture was so great that he was sent for by Charles II, to assist Sir John Denham, the surveyor general, and in 1663 he was chosen fellow of the Royal society, to whose memoirs he contributed some valuable papers on the subjects of astronomy, natural philosophy, and other sciences. In 1665 he went to France, and visited the most curious edifices, and the most remarkable inventions in mechanics in the capital, and on his return home

he was appointed architect, and one of the commissioners for the reparation of St. Paul's cathedral. The dreadful conflagration of the city which quickly followed, called for the exertion of the powers of the ingenious architect, but the model for a new capitol which he made, though approved by the king and privy council, was not adopted. His avocations were now so numerous as an architect, and as the successor of Sir J. Denham, in the office of surveyor-general of his majesty's works, that he resigned his Savilian professorship in 1673, and the following year received the honor of knighthood. In the improving and beautifying London, his genius was particularly displayed, and the churches which he erected are lasting monuments of the vast powers of his mind. Besides St. Paul, the noblest edifice which he raised, he built fifty-three churches in London, among which St. Stephen, Walbrook is particularly celebrated. The monument was also erected by him, and likewise the custom-house, Greenwich hospital, Emanuel college chapel, Trinity college library, Cambridge, and the theatre at Oxford. This ingenious man, whose architectural labors deserve and received so much admiration, died 25th February, 1723, aged 91. Sir Christopher sat twice in Parliament, for Plympton in Devonshire, 1685, and for Malcombe Regis in 1700. He was in 1680 elected president of the Royal society, and in 1684 made comptroller of the works in Windsor castle. Though he never published any thing himself, several of his works have appeared in the philosophical transactions and in the publications of Dr. Wallis and others.

MISCELLANY.

A SKETCH.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

It was midnight. The full-orbed moon was sailing in brightness through the deep vault of heaven, and casting forth its light which gilded with beauty the dewy landscape, and settled in broken forms upon the undulating forest. The rivulet, meandering through the grassy meadows, gave forth a murmuring sound, and the waves of the mighty ocean were heard dashing in fearful grandeur upon the shore. It was the noon of night, and the student's lamp was unextinguished in his chamber. His book was still open, and he sat motionless, with his head resting upon his hand. Suddenly he was awoke from his reverie, and sprang upon his feet. His face was pale, and his form emaciated; the hectic flush dyed his cheek; its crimson tint and his glassy eyes formed a striking contrast to the surrounding gloom. He spoke—a sepulchral tone was heard, such as might be expected to issue from his pale lips. “Is this my fate,” sighed he, “at this time to die, when I have just begun to taste the waters from the fountain of knowledge? Must I surrender all to the insatiate grave, and sink away no more to be remembered? I start back, when I behold myself reflected in the mirror, and almost tremble at my own shadow. Where, ah! where is Health, the goddess born, painted with ruby lips and flowing hair, the dimples playing about her cherub mouth? Has she ever been mine? Has her gentle hand ever rested upon my bosom? Have her rosy lips ever touched my cheek! Ah yes. She was mine—but she is has gone! I slighted her embrace, regarded not her smiles, and the jealous deity has fled away forever. Did I make an unwise sacrifice? Does not man live for knowledge—live to prepare for death

and immortality? So I thought—and I have surrendered all the pleasures which attract the giddy throng, to plunge more deeply into the mines of science. To benefit my race, and to have a name indelibly impressed upon the page of history is all my wish. Must I die before this shall be accomplished? Must I sink into the tomb of oblivion, and nothing remain to tell that I have been, but the sorrows of my friends and the marble slab in yonder church-yard? No, it cannot, shall not be. I will not die!” He sank upon his couch exhausted. The gentle zephyr stealing through the open window played upon his raven locks, and the rays of the pale moon fell upon his countenance. He lay still as a sleeping infant. Not a groan—not a breath was heard. His hands, folded together, lay upon his bosom, which heaved not beneath their pressure. He was dead!

Thus thousands who have begun to climb the hill of science, and to wind their way to the temple of fame, have lost their hold and fallen. The young, the healthy, the aspiring, have often become martyrs to their own ambition, unwilling to leave the bewildering task, have sacrificed years of future enjoyment to present gratification, and though mournful be the truth, they have paid the penalty with their lives.

THE BEST YET.

An old gentleman (who attended more to teaching his son the method of accumulating riches than knowledge) lived some time since in the Eastern States. From application and industry, he had amassed property of about twenty thousand dollars. Although not able to read and write, he never had a clerk, but always had been in the habit of keeping his own books. He had invented some new characters for the purpose of conveying his ideas to himself and others; they were formed as nearly similar to the articles sold as the nature of the circumstances would admit. One day a customer of his called for the purpose of settling his account; the hieroglyphics were handed down, and our merchant commenced with—“such a time you had a gallon of rum, and a pound of tea; such a time a gallon of molasses, and such a time a cheese.”

“Stop here,” said the customer, “I never had a cheese.”

“You certainly must have had it,” said the merchant, “it is down in my book.”

The other denied ever buying an article of that kind. After a sufficient number of pros and cons upon recollection, he informed him he had purchased a grindstone about the time.

“’Tis the very thing,” said the merchant, “and I must have forgotten to put the hole in the middle!”

INDIAN ANECDOTE.

ONE of the Indians who formerly inhabited the shores of Robin's pond, being on a hunting excursion chanced to pass the house of Mr. W—, who was engaged in feeding a large flock of of Turkeys near the house. Sam, the Indian, feeling very thirsty, went up to Mr. W. and asked for some cider, who told him to go into the house and his wife would give him a mug full. Sam in going to the house, muttered to himself, but loud enough for Mr. W. to hear, “how I should like to have one shot at them.” Mr. W. who was fond of a joke; took the gun which Sam had left at the door and drew out the shot from it. “Well, Sam,” said Mr. W. “you said you should like to have a

shot at my turkeys; what will you give me for a shot?" Sam, after some hesitation, agreed to give a dollar. Every thing being ready Sam levelled his gun and fired; and as might be expected the turkeys were more frightened than hurt. Sam stood mute with astonishment and flinging his gun across his shoulder said, "Sam never made such a shot as that before," and walked off. It was about two weeks from the time Sam made his unlucky shot that he again called on Mr. W. for more cider; who thinking to put another joke upon him, sent him into the house for his cider, and again drew his shot from the gun which was left beside the door. On Sam's return he was asked by Mr. W. what he would give for another shot at his turkeys. A bargain was made, Sam was to give another dollar for a shot providing Mr. W. would call them together. Sam fired and killed six besides wounding eight or ten more. If Sam's astonishment was great at his first unfortunate shot, Mr. W.'s was not less now when he beheld the havoc made as he supposed, with nothing but powder. It seems that Sam had mistrusted the cause of his first bad shot, although he had betrayed no signs of suspicion at that time, and had loaded his gun with two charges of shot, knowing that one would be drawn out.

ADVICE.

NEVER run in debt, if you can get any one to treat you.

When you find it impossible to ride on your journey, walk.

If you think, in resenting an injury, you are sure of getting decently flogged, pocket the affront and walk off with a smile. It is time enough to look savage when you are out of sight.

If you have no hat to put on, wear a cap.—If you have got neither, go bareheaded; you will be considered an odd fish.

When you can't have roast turkey for dinner, put up with any thing. The stomach and necessity soon become companions.

Never refuse any thing offered you except a kick; because it is not always convenient to return the latter.

Never be in a hurry to do any thing quick, except catching fleas. In this business, it is necessary to be remarkably rapid in your movements, else you "no catch him."

LACONICS.

BY W. WILSON.

LEARNING is obtained only by labor: it cannot be bought with money; otherwise the rich would uniformly be intelligent. Learning regards all men as equal, and bestows her treasures on those only who will work for them.

A good example in society, is like money at compound interest; with this exception; the interests is paid by neither party, but received by both.

Independence consists in being able to live without the aid of others; therefore the more servants you have, the less independent you are.

Always think what you say, though you may not always say what you think.

After kindness has failed, it is quite seasonable to resort to correction.

Folly does not always end with youth, nor wisdom begin with old age.

Let him who regrets the loss of time, make a proper use of that which is to come.

He that does the best he can is as worthy as he that can do the best.

He is greatly learned who has learned how little he knows.

More write for themselves than for the world.

If you wish to be wise, it is wise to wish.

Talk little and say much.

BITING AT THE NAKED HOOK.

As a minister was walking upon one of our eastern wharves, he heard a man in a fishing boat just pulled up, swearing very profanely, and resolved on reproving him. For this purpose he stepped up to the boat and began to enquire concerning the manner of taking fish. The fisherman answered this inquiry by saying that for taking such a kind of fish he baited his hook with such a material, and for such a kind of fish, baited his hook with such an article. Said the clergyman, "do you not take any without bait?" "No," said the fisherman, "I never did but one; one fool bit the naked hook." "Well," said the clergyman, the devil is a great fisherman, and to take the ambitious he baits with the honor of the world, and to take the avaricious he baits with silver and gold, and for the pleasure-seekers he baits with sensual gratifications, but the profane swearer is like your foolish fish, he bites at the naked hook.—*Sword of Truth.*

HOME.—The only fountain in the wilderness of life where man drinks of water unmixed with bitterness; is that which gushes up in the calm, and steady recess of domestic life. Pleasure may heat the heart with artificial excitement; ambition may delude it with golden dreams, war may eradicate its fine fibres and diminish its sensitiveness, but it is only domestic love that can render it truly happy.

PRETTY SENTIMENT.—The memories of childhood, the long, far-away days of boyhood, the mother's love and prayer, the voice of a departed playfellow, the ancient church and school-house, in all their green and hallowed associations come upon the heart in the dark hour of sin and sorrow, as well as in the joyous time, like the passage of a pleasantly remembered dream, and cast a ray of their own purity and sweetness over it.

"WELL, Joe, are you making money these days?" said Bill, the other day, to an active business man. "Oh, no?" was the reply; "I tried hard to make money until I sunk several thousand dollars, and now I am trying to make a living. If I do that honestly, I shall be satisfied."

Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1843.

GREAT VARIETY STORE.—We would direct the attention of our readers to Pease's great Variety Store, No. 50 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.

"O ye who would some pretty gift
Bestow on NEW-YEAR'S DAY,
Haste, hasten quick to R. H. PEASE,
At Fifty in Broadway.
There you will find a thousand things,
Of every name and kind,
And there whatever you may wish,
You will most surely find.

"That Pease has long been known in town
As one who never sleeps;
He's Agent for old SANTA CLAUS,
And all his treasures keeps.
There's not a store in Albany
Such Fancy Goods can boast,
And though there's others in the trade,
'Tis Pease that 'rules the roast.'"

Opinions of the Press, &c.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY.—We welcome back after a long absence, this interesting semi-monthly, much improved in matter and appearance. Its columns are filled with agreeable and interesting miscellany, well calculated to interest and instruct the young of both sexes; and the good taste and discrimination of its editor is evinced, in the total exclusion of those long and pointless productions which lumber up the columns of the "mammoth" sheets of New-York and Philadelphia. In short we know of no Journal of similar character, better calculated to cheer and enliven the family circle. The number before us contains a fine engraving of the "Sailor's Snug Harbor," situated on Staten Island, followed by an interesting account of the circumstances which led to its establishment, when erected, a statement of its dimensions &c.—*Repository, Canandaigua, N. Y.*

RURAL REPOSITORY.—The Rural Repository, published at Hudson, N. Y. one of the neatest, cheapest and best literary papers in the country, is now in its twentieth volume. It has outlived many a flourishing city rival, Mirrors, and Gems, and Caskets, (gaudy as butterflies, and about as long lived,) and now, if the Repository does not outshine the last novelities, it will survive them, and charm many a reader after their titles are forgotten. Published semi-monthly by W. B. Stoddard, at \$1.00 per annum.—*Star, Racine, Ohio.*

WE have an exchange with a quarto journal published at Hudson, N. Y. entitled "Rural Repository." A modest unpretending name to be sure! but nevertheless, a more tasteful little publication cannot be found in the country; it is perfect neatness.—*The Friend of Man, Providence, R. I.*

RURAL REPOSITORY.—The publisher has sent us a number of this neat and excellent semi-monthly publication, which if we are not mistaken, is the oldest literary paper in the United States; and while it makes no very great professions, it is far better than most publications which boast long and loud of their claims to public patronage.—*The Sandy-Hill Herald, N. Y.*

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

H. B. K. Cassville, N. Y. \$2.00; S. R. F. Hempstead, N. Y. \$1.00; A. P. Whitewater, Wis. Ter. \$1.00; P. M. Richmond, Vt. \$7.00; A. S. W. Middlesex, Vt. \$2.00; A. S. Argyle, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. New Berlin, N. Y. \$2.00; A. C. C. Somerset, N. Y. \$1.00; S. W. Schenectady, N. Y. \$1.00; E. L. F. Schenectady, N. Y. (\$1. for Vol. 21.) \$2.00; W. B. Cuyler, N. Y. \$1.00; H. M. P. Hudson, Mich. \$1.00; W. H. M. Cedarville, N. Y. \$3.00; R. R. Andover, O. \$1.00; C. W. Watertown, N. Y. \$1.00; A. H. Pompey Centre, N. Y. \$1.00; D. G. Hermon, N. Y. \$1.00; C. W. Patchin's Mills, N. Y. (for 17th, 18th and 19th Vols.) \$2.00; J. C. Mt. Vernon, O. \$1.00; M. A. South Chili, N. Y. \$1.00; S. P. Maple Grove, N. Y. \$1.00; E. A. Angelica, N. Y. \$1.00; G. B. B. Oakfield, N. Y. \$1.00; J. B. Great Barrington, Ma. \$1.00; E. C. Middlefield, N. Y. \$1.00; C. C. M. Black Oak, S. C. \$1.00.

Married.

In this city, at the residence of Mr. N. Kittle, on Saturday evening 16th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Gosman, Mr. Frances J. Drew to Miss Anna M. Sharpe, all of this city.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. J. Crawford, Mr. Waldo Barringer, to Miss Mary Rose.

On the 13th inst. by the Rev. John C. Vandervoort, Mr. Richard S. Simmons, of Melleville, to Miss Helen Rouse, of Clermont.

On Wednesday evening, 13th inst. by Elder George W. Lincoln, Elder Samuel Parker, of Nauvoo, Ill. to Miss Sarah Bedell, of this city.

In Clermont, Oct. 6th by the Rev. J. Boyd, Mr. Jacob Burget, of Catskill, Greene Co. to Miss Catharine S. Smith, of the former place.

At Canaan, on the 14th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Lamont, Mathew A. Bemiss, of Spencertown, to Miss Purlina Sweet, of the former place.

Died.

At Canaan, in this County, suddenly on the 17th inst. John K. Allen, of the late firm of J. R. & W. E. Allen, of this city.

At Canaan Centre, Columbia Co. on the 21st inst. Miss Ruth Robertson, formerly from Newport, Rhode Island, aged 74 years.

In Kinderhook on Saturday last the 16th inst. after a protracted illness, Arcot Van Dyke, in the 80th year of his age.

At Claverack on the 7th inst. of Consumption, Mr. Jonathan Fellows, in the 57th year of his age.

At Nantucket, on the 16th inst. Mrs. Eunice R. wife of Frederick W. Mitchell, aged 57 years.

In New-York, on the 17th inst. Theodore T. son of Horace and Hannah Macy, aged 2 years and 2 months.

At his residence, Foughkeepsie, N. Y. on the 18th inst. the Hon. Smith Thompson, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the U. S.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

DEATH

Smiling the First Born in the land of Egypt.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

At midnight's still and solemn hour,
The angel Death with noiseless tread,
Stole like the serpent in the bower,
And smote the flower of Egypt dead!

Upon his ear the thrilling cry,
Rose wildly on the swelling breeze;
Man trembled, lest himself should die,
And woman wept upon her knees.

The angel paused, as high in air
He soared to view the awful scene;
Paused, as he saw the young and fair
In anguish o'er her first born lean.

Paused, as he heard the piteous moan,
From parent's heart ascend on high,
Paused, as he heard the deep low groan
Re-echo thro' the moonless sky.

He looked—and from the glittering dome,
To the lone cabin on the Nile;
Viewed what his ruthless hand had done,
And triumphed with demoniac smile.

"Tis thus" he cried "I'll shew my power,
'Tis thus I'll crush each dream of bliss;
O'er man's bright sky, shall tempest's lower,
And wormwood mingle in his kiss.

"His piercing cries are to my ear,
Like music borne along the sky;
Beauty's loud wail for kindred dear
Delights, as it ascend on high.

"Oh, what a vast dominion's mine!
Yet what a curse awaits my will!
Insatiate, as with power divine,
I all devour, and hunger still!

"The sun and moon and stars combine,
To lengthen out man's little day;
But from those orbits where they shine,
I'll pluck them one by one away.

"Insatiate still—I know my doom,
Know when each star that gilds the sky,
Shall sink amid creation's tomb,
That I myself, must surely die!"

Over this scene of human wo!
One loud convulsive sigh he breathed,
Waved his broad pinions to and fro,
Then with the clouds his form entwined.
Sag Harbor, L. I. 1843.

For the Rural Repository.

THE BRIDE.

Thou'rt left thy much loved childhood's home,
And thoughts all deep and tender come,
Now gushing up within
Thy surcharged heart, that strives in vain
To tell if joy is felt, or pain,
To leave what thou hast been—

The youngest and the favorite flower,
"Most cherished since thy natal hour,"
Around whose early years,

The withering pang and cank'ring care
Have never come, to bathe the fair
And sunny cheek with tears.

In after years that past will seem
The witchery of some fairy dream—
And that fond father's care,
That mother's pure, angelic love,
The fairies round the blest that move,
High in the upper air.

That dream has passed, and now with high
And bounding hopes, thou drawest nigh
Another scene in life;
Joys thou'lt have and they'll be new,
But cares and sorrows thickly too,
In thy new sphere are rife.

Full oft thou'lt miss the foster's arm
That's shielded thee so oft from harm,
Thy every want supplied;
And e'en before 'twas half expressed,
The offerings came, so wert thou blessed
With full affection's tide.

But yet we trust that thou mayst find
A guardian still, and one whose kind
And faithful care shall stay
Thy trusting heart, that it shall feel
But light the woes that on us steal
Too thickly in our way.

New-York, Dec. 1843.

IOTA.

For the Rural Repository.

REMEMBER THE POOR.

In the cold winter season,
So bleak and so drear,
When the ground is all frozen,
The foliage all sear;
When the blasts of December
Do piteously roar,
Then 'tis just to remember
The wants of the Poor.

When within your snug cot,
With naught to molest,
It should ne'er be forgot,
That some are distressed;
Then the children of want
Spurn not from your door,
But in charity grant
Your aid to the Poor.

For while you're regaling
On luxuries rare,
Lo, they are bewailing
Their lot in despair;
They are struggling with woes,
You never endure;
Then show pity to those,
Who are needy and Poor.

And while you are supplied
With all you desire,
To them are denied
Food, raiment and fire.
Then if you have the power,
Their weal to ensure,
O, delay not an hour
To give to the Poor.

And when to the poor
Assistance you grant,
Pause not to enquire
The cause of their want;
But let it suffice
To every good doer,
To know he supplies
The wants of the Poor.

Hudson, Dec. 1843.

VALGIUS.

I'D BE AN EAGLE.

BY A. A. FORBES.

I'd be an eagle born on the mountain top,
Cradled in clouds where the tempests sleep,
My scream should be heard by the ocean's side,
And I'd spread my wings o'er the waters deep.

Man should not harm me I'd laugh at his power,
As I soared through the vault of the azure sky,
Up towards the sun I'd direct my flight,
And gaze on his beams with undazzled eye.

Far from the haunts of the busy world,
On some mountain wild I would build my nest,
Where the torrents dash down its rocky sides,
And the cataract's roar should lull me to rest.

I'd be an eagle! soaring aloft
Thro' the boundless fields of ethereal blue,
Where the sun undimmed in his glory shines,
Far, far away from all earthly view.

Hinesburgh, Vt. 1843.

SUMMER BIRDS.

SPEED ON! speed on, to your Southern home,
Ye who 'mid the fleecy clouds may roam!
The hoarse voice of Winter comes fast on the breeze—
Its roaring is heard in the tops of the trees,
And swift as your flight, is the march of Time—
Away, away, to a milder clime!

Ye're wearied with seeking in vain for food,
'Mid the leafless boughs of your native wood;
And here will ye carol your songs no more,
Till the reign of the winter-king is o'er;
Till Spring, in new beauty, comes dancing on,
And ascends flower-crowned to her vernal throne.

But your voices shall gladden the fairy bowers
Of the genial South, through these winter hours,
Where your golden wings may unfettered rove
Through the flowery dell, and the orange grove;
Or bathe in the spray of those crystal streams,
Which forever glide free in the sun's glad beam.

Then away! ere hastens cold winter's night;
He who watcheth the sparrow, directs your flight;
We envy your freedom, ye songsters fair!
And fain would fly, too, from this piercing air;
But the Power divine, which doth bid you roam,
Binds us and our joys, to a Northern home.

But, thanks to that Power! from the frost of Grief—
From the winter that blighteth Affection's leaf;
From the chilling blast of Misfortune's breath,
The ransomed spirit may flee at death,
To a clime where perpetual Summer reigns
O'er the fadeless flowers of celestial plains.

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IS PUBLISHED AT HUDSON, COLUMBIA COUNTY, N. Y. BY Wm. B. Stoddard.

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